

UNIVERSITY CLUB



Issue of February 17, 1917

The Almighty Dollar

By Dr. Max Nordau

NEXT WEEK

What fools these mortals be!

Rodney Thompson



MADAME SCHUMANN-HEINK

A Great Singer Who "Made Good" and Reached the Highest Pinnacle of Success

Madame Schumann-Heink, the world's greatest contralto singer, whose artistic achievement and brilliantly successful professional career have never interfered with her love of home and family, was born, Ernestine Roessler, in 1861, at Lisbon, near Prague, Austria. Her mother, who also had a fine contralto voice, was Italian born, of Austrian parents, and both her father and grandfather were soldiers in the Austrian army.

The young Ernestine studied with her teacher at Gratz until she was seventeen, when it became necessary for her to go out and earn money. And now begins the marvellous story of her artistic career and ultimate success achieved through almost superhuman struggles.

She secured an introduction to the famous Austrian field-marshal, General Benedek, who, because she was a soldier's child, became greatly interested in her, introducing her to a conductor, and finally, upon the representations of a number of eminent musical critics, giving her money to take herself and her teacher to Vienna to sing for the director of the Hof Opera there.

When the girl, in her poor and ill-fitting clothes, faced this, to her, important personage, she had stage fright. Though she sang well and was strong in voice she had however no style. When she had finished singing the director said:

"Why, with such a face—no personality at all—how can you expect to succeed? *Ach, impossible!*—my dear child, you'd better give up the idea of singing, get a sewing machine and go to work. You'll never be a singer!"

The girl, heart-broken, went home, where, however, she got small consolation. "Who are you," her father exclaimed, "with your high-falutin ideas?"

However, she shortly got an invitation to go to Dresden to sing in the Royal Opera. The child wrote back she couldn't afford it. They assured her they always paid anyone who came to them, so, on pretence of paying a visit, she got away from home alone, and at last reached her destination.

After another bad attack of stage fright she sang, and then, in agonies of apprehension, awaited the word of doom. The intendant came to her and said:

"We will engage you. Your salary to start will be thirty-six hundred marks a year."

Imagine the girl's stupefaction. It sounded like a million dollars to her. And then the intendant added: "You shall sign a contract to sing here for three years."

But the girl's first thought was of her mother and the housework. Who would do this? And she tried to get a postponement! But the count laughing said:

"We will pay for a servant for your mother; you must come here, child, and we will make you a great artiste."

Her father refused to believe her story until at last the contract arrived, signed by the king, when he shouted angrily: "So you have more money a year than I have!"

After four years in Dresden the singer married, and soon had to leave the Royal Opera House. Six weeks after her first child was born the young mother tried to sing at a concert, but found her voice gone!

At last, however, came her opportunity. In the midst of her distress arrived the tenor Heinrich Boetel, who knew Mme. Heink from her singing

Azucena in "Trovatore," inviting her to sing, *sans* salary, at his benefit at the Sommer Theater in Berlin. But alas!—Mme. Heink hadn't a soul. She managed, however, to borrow money to pay her fare, but when she arrived in Berlin, where to her joy she saw her name on the play-bills, she could not afford to go to a hotel, so sat down to some coffee and sandwiches and waited the hour of rehearsal.

Needless to say she made a tremendous hit with the Berliners, and all the newspapers praised her unstintedly, speaking of her as "a simple, unspoiled creature with a wonderful voice and great future."

It was on the occasion of this ever-memorable trip to Berlin that Mme. Heink had the happiness to meet Lillian Nordica, who later entertained her in London.

On her return home the manager of the Hamburg Theatre advanced Mme. Heink's salary to 800 marks a month, and soon after another opportunity presented itself. The contralto suddenly refused to sing Carmen, and Mme. Heink, on such short notice as to preclude a rehearsal, took the rôle with immense success, soon after making a still greater hit in "The Prophet" as Fides. On the fall of the curtain, the manager, who had wanted to make a comedienne of her, came up with tears in his eyes, saying:

"Forgive me! I never knew—I never dreamed—that you had it in you to do this!"

Success followed success rapidly. At the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth in 1896, Mme. Heink was acclaimed the most powerful contralto known. Then came her marvellously successful career in this country, where, in furtherance of her popular-price policy—for she believes that a great gift is for all the people, not an exclusive few—the great singer visited even the smallest mining towns above timber line! She may be said to be a pioneer, for where nobody goes, Schumann-Heink goes.

"Now tell me," she wrote last year, "could anyone who did not have a heart full of love and a constitution like a horse go through what I have gone through and come out on top?"

Mme. Schumann-Heink is now 64 years old, and, it is interesting to know, her concert work yields her to-day an income of \$135,000 a year. In addition she receives \$47,000 a year from the talking-machine companies for the Schumann-Heink records they send out.

The career of this truly great singer, who, by the way, is the mother of eight children, is an incentive to all who aspire to careers as singers. Through the direst poverty and against overwhelming odds, she fought her way upward—*per aspera ad astra*—to the highest pinnacle of fame and popularity in her great profession; and she has doubtless done more for grand opera than any other woman on the stage.

Work, great energy and will power, are Mme. Schumann-Heink's conditions for success in life, and her advice to most people is "Don't take life too seriously!" And above all—"Never say 'don't!' to an aspiring youngster."

It is often said that eminence in a profession destroys a woman's capacity as a home-maker. The career of this great artiste is an emphatic denial of this absurd dictum.

Every handicap Mme. Schumann-Heink encountered—and they were endless—only spurred this heroic woman to greater effort and accelerated her rise to well-deserved and well-used riches, as well as lasting fame.

(Advertisement.)

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Puck

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What's The Funniest Thing That Ever Happened to you?

PUCK wants to find out how funny the world can be when in its most jocular mood. Everybody has had some funny experience. Write it on one side of the paper, keep it within 500 words—the shorter the better—and send it to PUCK previous to March 15th, 1917.

To the reader who relates the funniest experience in the most readable form, PUCK will mail a check for \$250.00 shortly after the closing of the contest. A second prize of \$150.00 for the next best, and a third prize of \$100.00 for the third best story, will be awarded at the same time. The editors of PUCK will be the judges, and entries not awarded a prize but considered available for publication will be purchased at our regular rates.

No entry will be returned unless stamps are enclosed for the purpose. Each entry should bear the name and address of the sender. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to PUCK in order to compete for these prize awards, nor is it essential that the experience be true, so long as it is funny.

Address your entry plainly

Funny Story Editor,

PUCK,

210 FIFTH AVENUE

New York

Puck announces for next week
Among others, the following features:

THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR

By DR. MAX NORDAU

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE EMPRESS OF ABYSSINIA

By OSIRIS COB

THE NEW THEORY OF DREAMS

By OUR FASHION EDITOR

AN ESSAY ON HYPOCRISY

By SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN

AN EFFICIENCY STORY

By JESSE REINACH

LITTLE BALLADES OF MARRIED LIFE

By H. B. WINLEY

ALAN DALE ON THE DRAMA

CARTOONS AND ILLUSTRATIONS

By

MACAULEY, HESS, BARTON, MORRIS

and others

Ruck



For Future Generations

— Drawn by W. C. Morris

Puck Interviews Bernard Shaw

By Osiris Cob

Next to who discovered the North Pole and what became of "Charley" Ross there are more theories about George Bernard Shaw than anything we can name. He has been discussed, analyzed, bombarded and cursed. His satanic simper is a standing challenge to the world, like the mustache of the Kaiser or the teeth of Theodore. Shaw has been called a grinning Parsifal — a super-Molière — a puritan pagan — Scaramouch with a lily — a half-baked Nietzsche — an underdone Schopenhauer — a renegade Irishman — an intellectual David Harum — England's brains — the Scourge of philistinism — the Harlequin of Socialism — a logocrat.

But opinions about Shaw are of no consequence. There he is. He is a force in life. He is dynamic. He is vital. And all your opinions, pro and con, dissolve in the glint of his eye like hailstones in Tophet.

Paradoxical minds are, in a sense, fourth dimensional minds. Life is a logical, straight-away process to the monorail mind only. Paradox is the other side of logic. It sees absurdity where the grubbing mind sees common sense. It lifts masks, slits veils and cleanses you by making you feel uncomfortable. You wriggle in your skull when some one tells you that black is really white, that the dead live, and the living live by a continuous act of dying.

There is brain wherein all opposites meet and flow into one another. A North Pole brain, so to speak. All great thinkers — as distinguished from pasty moralists and tiresome system-strings — are paradoxists. In practical life a great deal of stupidity is necessary to success. In the realm of the intellect, however, a dash of insanity brings you into the realm of the gods — and the ascension is made by paradox, which is pure imagination untouched by sentiment.

So my visit to Shaw was a treat. I was in the presence of the Unexpected, the Perverse, the Astonishing. His workroom in his house in Adelphi terrace, London, is very commonplace. I expected to see everything turned upside down — a clock running backward, chairs bottom up, books with their titles turned to the wall. Pure illusion on my part.

Shaw bade me sit down with a glint.

"Can you tell me something about the mechanism of your wit? How you make people laugh who do not believe a word you say?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Shaw readily, his beard making a courtesy to me. "My wit is a reaction against my own innate philistinism. I am tragic by nature and satire is my escape from murder, arson and a thousand other crimes that lie latent in me. It is my safety-valve, my fire-extinguisher, my asbestos curtain against the tyrant that slumbers — only half-slumbers, I should say — in my



"OH, PSHAW!"

—Drawn by Julian Hest

heart. At bottom I am cruel, narrow, puritanical, an anti-individualist and anti-liberatarian. In a word a propagandist, a moralist, a hopeless middle-class bourgeois.

"I am really more like Cromwell or Torquemada than Nietzsche or Heine. A laughing diabolist, if you will. But I was given a superb brain, and in it is a giant eye — a third eye — which is called irony. The look in this eye when turned deep into myself disinfests my stupid idealism, my vegetarianism, my pot-boiling brand of socialism, my asceticism."

"It is only in England — God bless her! — where the greatest care is taken of individual rights and — where the profound common sense of the Englishman is a perpetual safe-

guard against the eruption of mystical mountebanks, that I feel myself safe. I would not trust myself among a Latin people. My superb wit would leave me in France or Italy, and the old witch-burner in me would send me to the gallows, or, worse, into the army.

"So I offer up a secret prayer each day that our good old English law called Common Sense protects me against myself. English stupidity is my armor. Such is the psychology of my genius, a Laugh that mails me against myself.

"Then, too, I have that other sword to protect myself against my real predatory and fanatical spirit — garrulousness. Did

(Continued to page 22)

Grinagrams

Reading the criticisms of the President's address, one gets an adequate line on the smallness of some of America's big men.

In the matter of diet economy, much might be accomplished at Washington. If, for example, Congress were to renounce Pork on the ground that it doesn't contain a sufficient number of calories.

We are having a coronation every four years, and it is undemocratic and un-American.

— *A Republican Senator.*

Whereas, had Hughes been elected, he would simply have come in and hung up his hat.

Those who like to make comparisons may have detected some slight resemblance between the Congress of Constructive Patriotism and the late Congress of Kilkenny Cats.

It upsets some people more than a little to open their newspapers of a morning and read a rumor that neither Germany nor Austria is starving.

Henry Clews is on record as saying that "a return of peace will not mean the end of American prosperity." Henry may expect to receive some threatening letters from the Republican National Committee.

Among those to sympathize heartily with Mrs. Byrne was the Bull Moose. The Bull Moose knows what it is to be forcibly fed, having had a hard experience in that line at Chicago last summer, when a number of unwelcome things were rammed down its throat.

Over a million dollars in wage increases have been granted in the United States since Wilson's re-election. (1) Notwithstanding which, the Republican campaign orators of 1920 will speak of "bread lines" and "soup kitchens" under Democratic rule. (2) Notwithstanding which, many otherwise sane persons in the "conservative east" will fall for it.

The latest education wrinkle is to teach penmanship to musical accompaniment. "Music," it seems, "removes fatigue and helps to create uniform speed." If your stenographer is slow at taking dictation, sing your letters to her in fox-trot time.

One of the "betrayed" Progressives picturesquely characterizes his party as "political Belgians, driven from our homes by the Huns of the Republican machine." Not forgetting, of course, that one of the Huns was Theodor, the Goth — of Oyster Bay.

"What do I care for your bright lights? They only show up the squalid and the mean and shut out the stars. You think that the light above your head is heaven, when it is only the glare of an arc light. I want to go back where there are no arc lights; where I can look right up into the face of heaven and bathe my soul in the pure light of the frosty stars."

— *Interview with an actress.*

Evidently the high price of paper is no longer troubling the New York Sun.

If the Hon. Billy Sunday will make up to the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt he will find a soulmate. "Brighten the Corner Where You Are" is the evangelist's favorite hymn. It must be the Colonel's, also, as anyone who has followed his cheerful optimistic writings in the *Metropolitan* will be prepared to admit.

"A little less talent and a little more personality should be the rule of all producers of musical plays."

— *One of them.*

In the old days of the Amazon March it was person, not personality, that counted in musical comedy.

Now that the unspeakable Cassidy has been restored to citizenship and the right to vote — Cassidy, who served a prison term for "commercializing" Supreme Court nominations — the suffragists of New York should concede the truth of the dictum that "womans' place is in the home." The home at least has a little of decency and purity left in it.

"Yes, I think that the President has materially shortened the war. He has made all turn their minds towards the possibility of peace."

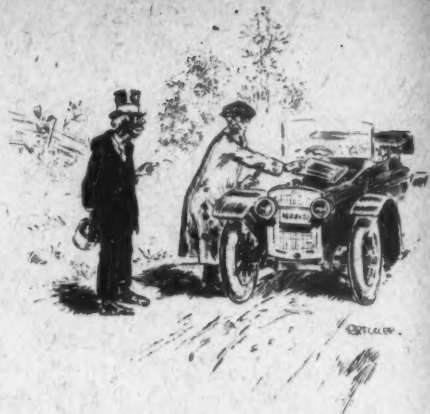
— *Editor of the Manchester Guardian.*

"Wilson at his worst," as the *New York Tribune* said.

It isn't the present Wall Street's fault that it has a bad name. A "History of New York City" contains this interesting and informative sentence: "There is a wide lane flanking the wall (hence called Wall



Street) and on its inner side is a row of rude thatched cabins, the abodes of social outcasts." What's the use of trying to reform a street like that?



"Cud ah have jes' one peek, boss? Ah've always un'erstood dere wuz machinery in 'em."

To get foreign business after the war, Mr. Farrell told the delegates they must approach Europe in the great spirit of generous accommodation.

— *Speech by the Head of the Steel Trust.*

What, we ask, could be more generously accommodating than the old practice of selling American goods cheaper abroad than they are sold to consumers here at home?

Shortly to be heard in any up-to-date household: "Mama, I'm awful hungry. Won't you give me about a thousand calories?"

Some members of Congress are all worked up for fear Washington hotel keepers will "rob" inauguration visitors. While there is Pork in the Congressional Pot, it will exercise reasonable restraint in calling the Hotel Kettle, black.

Russia replied to President Wilson's address through its Foreign Office. That "Russia has been in full sympathy with broad humanitarian principles" will be news, we imagine, to a number of persons in Siberia.





THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses By BERTON BRALEY

Drawings By MERLE JOHNSON



The Kaiser's last birthday
Proved scarcely a mirth-day,
His troops had hard luck on that date,
And fortune seemed flighty;
Perhaps the Almighty
And Wilhelm have quarreled of late.

The Crown Prince, persistent,
Still thinks he is distant
Entirely too far from Verdun,
And so keeps on fighting,
But up to this writing
The French are refusing to run.

And now once again is
The submarine menace
Disturbing our comfort and ease,
While Germany's U Boats
(300 brand new boats)
Are sinking whatever they please.

Perhaps we should tally
A neat little sally
Of German destroyers, which met
With some that were English;
We cannot distinguish
Just which had the best of it, yet.

Our immigrants need not
Stay out if they read not,
And haven't much skill with the pen;
Says Wilson, "I'm wary
Of tests literary,
So—here is my veto again!"

Louise from Alaska
Hit Broadway, to bask a
Brief season or so in its glare;
And Broadway fell for her
And rushed to adore her—
("She's rich" said the wise ones, "she's
there!")

But then some poor lowlife
Plum spoiled all this show life;
He cried, "she's a hasher, this dame!"
Her fond dream was blasted,
But while the bluff lasted
She had a grand time, just the same!

The ball players mutter
Strange curses, and utter
Dark threats as to striking, anon.
But why be down hearted?
For training's not started,
And—pinocle season's now on.

An old hotel porter
Died suddenly—sorter—
(We had to put that in to rime,)
And left his heirs riches;
A snug fortune, which is
A tip on the tips of our time.

The birth control pleaders,
Like most of the leaders
Who tread an unusual trail,
Are spending large measure
Of all of their leisure
In slightly cramped quarters in jail.

A lean western sprinter
Set new marks this winter—
New records to put on display;
You ask his cognomen?
It's Ray—by that omen,
When Ray runs you ought to Hooray!



The Ills of Society

By Ethel Plummer



COUNTRY-CLUB FOOT



OLD MAID'S KNEE



DEALER'S THUMB



FORTUNE HUNTER'S AGUE



DEBUTANTE'S COLIC

The Purple Purp

VOL. I.

NEW YORK, CURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1917.

NO. 1

Diary of Our Own Samuel Pupys

SUNDAY: Up very betimes, and betook myself with all haste adown the garden path. Having forgot what great matter called me there I wasted no time in vain attempt at recollection but returned at top speed to whence I started. Recalling an unfinished transaction of gravest import, I raced across the lawn to a spot where I had interred a choice bone. But half way there I suffered again that blurring of memory as to my goal and obeyed a mad impulse to make route in the opposite direction.

MONDAY: Up not so betimes and to the kitchen, and feasted on some puppy-cakes and milk, not very satisfying neither. Poor pap for a stalwart beast and one of great valor, albeit of scant span of life. But as Cook did presently turn her back for a wink, I made shift to filch some of the breakfast sausage, of which I am infinite fond. Abroad, hastily, to the garden, where I raised a few sweet peas, Michael being momentarily absent. Dug then a few crocus bulbs, when in all ire comes Michael, but I gone thence.

TUESDAY: Comes my cozen Fido, and he and I to walk in the garden, and we had excellent discourse. Interrupted by a particular business of exhuming a bone for minute inspection and reburial. To the garage to bespeak some water to drink, pausing on the way to intimidate the yellow cat. I prodigiously barked, and she, poor wretch, greatly impressed with my superiority and prowess clawed and mewed as at her wits' end, my cozen's tail wagging to joy me for quitting myself so well.

WEDNESDAY: Awoke betimes with a monstrous hunger, and scarce able to drag my fainting frame to the kitchen for food. Cook haranguing the iceman, so I to the pantry and took pleasure in a few chops, a cold meat pasty and a rich pudding with cream. Hearing Cook's hastening footsteps, I to the garden. Met a kitten, a merry jade, who cared no whit for my bluster. Feeling vexed and sickish, I was beguiled by a sunny spot, and, turning about, some six or seven times, I lay down. Busy all afternoon at this and that, but still in a melancholy, fusty humor, ate my supper and such other trifling matters as I could collect here and there, and so home and to bed.

Edited by Carolyn Wells

Editorial

Some are born to the purple, some achieve purps and some have purple tied upon them. As purple is to be the vogue this season, and as purps are always in vogue, the time is ripe for a Purp Paper, and here's the first number. Our policy is that every Purp must have his day, and to this we adhere with a dogged purpseverance. But we are neither dogmatic nor cursory and we just know you will like The Purple Purp and will make no attempt to muzzle it.

Society Notes

Miss Fifi Van Stuyvesant was seen chasing her tail yesterday. Miss Fifi moves in the best circles.

Gay Dog held up a large touring car on the Boston Road last Friday. He succeeded in intimidating the chauffeur, who stopped his car, though with a storm of protest. Gay Dog had no intention of robbing or harming the motorists, and with a derisive bark disappeared into the woods.

Fido Astorbilt was seen on the Avenue whispering to a pretty little Pom in a blue ribbon bow. Ah, there, Fido!

Another Smart setter was photographed, but we were unable to get an interview.

Miss Niniche Cabot-Saltonstall is confined to her basket, suffering from an attack of indigestion.

Mr. Yaller Dog attended a Pound Sociable a few days ago. He has not since been seen.

Pom Pom Pommery won the Pomeranian prize at the Mineola Show.

All Siriusness Aside

Why can't robbers invade a forest? Because the dogwood bark.

Why is a tin can like Christmas? Because it's bound to a cur.

Of what breed is the Dog Star? A Sky Tarrier.

If you wanted your new blanket cut shorter, where would you go? To a cur tailor's.

— Picture by Ralph Barton

Advertisements

FLEESKIP! A few applications of this powder bring instant relief. Send cheque or money order.

STUFF AND GROW THIN! Try the Mahdog Menus. No more of that Dog-gone feeling. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed.

DOGGEREL. By well known Imagist Poets. Copies given away.

Shopping For The Well-Dressed Dog

The new style sweaters are in all shades of purple, with chin-chin collars and close cuffs, both fore and hind. Blankets are fur-trimmed, with occasional leather-bound *trotteur* models.

The Dog watch is worn on the ankle of the left forepaw.

Basket jackets of loosely knitted Shetland are shown in pale violet shades.

Boudoir bows are larger than those worn last year, and are tied just behind the left ear.

Jewelled collars are worn only by dogs whose owners are inclusive.

Personals

Will the pretty Pekingese Purp who noticed the Chow Chow on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Sixty-eighth Street communicate with K. 9?

ROVER: I have a bone to pick with you. *Carlo.*

TOWSER: Be on watch at the usual corner. I shall come by about five, accompanied by a decent-looking woman in black. *Dog Rose.*

If A. Mongrel who went to the dogs some time ago, will return all will be forgiven. *Dogma.*

Answers to Correspondents

DACHSHUND: Yes, you're all right. In a recent number of a popular periodical was an article entitled, "Low Hanging Bodies For Next Season's Models."

PUZZLED PURP: *Affaire du cœur* is French for Puppy Love.

BOSTON BULL PURP: Buy "Beauty Hints For Mistaken Faces." Try Facial Massage. Indulge freely in Beauty Sleep. If all these fail, join the Dogs of War and wear a gas mask.

PEPI TRIPP: Yes, the Dog Trot will remain the most popular dance of the winter.

Fashion in the World of Thought
Conducted by Louis Weinberg

The New Attitude to Socialism

Socialism, which was the reddest school of thought next to anarchism only a score of years ago, has at last become so fashionable that it is almost passé. Twenty years ago only hot-headed immigrants "who did not understand or appreciate our institutions" were socialists. To-day half of our college professors, most of our social workers, some college presidents, one out of every four of our mayors and governors, fall in this class. It is even claimed that there still are some socialists among the working people.

At a costume ball of the "The Masses," the literary organ of the socialists, there were present writers, painters, sculptors, poets, prominent government officials, artists' models and the sons of capitalists;—but nary a laborer could be seen;—not a man or woman who ever earned a dollar swinging an arm and hammer, or pressing shirts and collars, if one might judge from the biceps which along with other muscles were so freely displayed.

Now when socialism becomes so popular that even government officers flaunt it, it can hardly remain the fashion. It has then passed into the final stage in the evolution of a mode, that of true, tried and too easily accepted opinion. There must always be a touch of the bizarre, the exotic, the novel, the unaccustomed in fashion; not so strikingly different as to shock, but yet not quite so familiar as to leave one indifferent.

The correct things to think about socialism to-day are illustrated in the following Model. It is important to note that a proper shade of doubt, disillusion and suspicion should be employed. But as will be seen the new fashion is not a mistrust of socialism for its radicalism; it is rather a lack of enthusiasm about anything quite so conservative.

Model Conversation

PROFESSOR: How did you vote this last election, socialist straight as usual?

POET: No, sirree.

PROFESSOR: So you split for Wilson.

POET: I did not. I voted the whole Wilson ticket. What good is Wilson without support in the House?

PROFESSOR: So you too have turned on Socialism.

POET: I have not turned on Socialism. Socialism has turned on me. It is a reactionary party.

ANARCHIST: Oh, you don't have to tell me that. I always knew it. Now everyone is catching on.

PACIFIST: Yes, I must say the way those Socialists all dropped their flag of Internationalism and rushed to the colors gave me a jolt.

DEBUTANTE: But what would you have. Wouldn't you have voted a war Budget, if you were a Socialist Congressman in Washington and war was about to break out between us and Germany.

The Young Lady Across the Way

By Harry J. Westerman



The young lady across the way says she overheard her father say that one of the stocks he was short of had advanced 75 points in the last month and he must be mighty glad he had at least a little of it.

PACIFIST: Maybe I would, but that would be to protect us against their barbarism.

PROFESSOR: Well, then, suppose the German Socialists thought that they were protecting Germany against the barbarism of Russia.

POET: But it isn't only that. They have become politicians. They make bargains and deals just like any other political ring-leaders. They have lost their idealism. They promise what they cannot perform and so always lose out in the next election.

UNION-ORGANIZER: You object because they play politics. I object to them because

they won't. I hate them for the tyranny of their idealism. If a Socialist is sensible and says, let's split for Wilson because he is practically a Socialist, he is immediately excommunicated from the party.

PROFESSOR: Yes, so many people used to think Socialism was anti-church. Socialism is church, a church with absolute authority.

UNION-ORGANIZER: So too the socialist was always raving against exploitation. And after all government ownership and control is only proving to be another form of capitalistic exploitation. When the government

(Continued to page 25)

Why Gambling is Popular

A Complete Novelette for the Next Edition of the Fifth Reader

By K. L. Roberts

CHAPTER I

Oswald Hibrough was mentally perfect.

Psychologists admitted it.

Oswald had successfully performed the twelve different sections of the Munsterberg mental test. He had been able to comprehend that the letters C:esterow were merely a distortion of the word Worcester, and that Smktrau was only Muskrat, slightly jumbled.

By solving the problems of which one of four letters appeared the oftenest in a given group, he demonstrated that he was one who judged quickly and correctly, rather than being one of the many who face a complex situation in such a way that they rush to a decision without sufficient consideration, or whose decision is paralyzed and whose judgment is inhibited.

All the other puzzling features of the Munsterberg test had been soft for Oswald.

He allowed his perfect mind to dwell with gratitude on the long winter evenings on the old farm when there was nothing to do but read the Old Farmer's Almanack and play charades.

Oswald realized that the practise he had obtained from the charades had done much to make him mentally perfect.

And it is only fair to Oswald to admit that he realized fully that he was mentally perfect.

The psychologists had told him so.

CHAPTER II

Oswald Hibrough had graduated from college and accepted a position with a large and flourishing manufacturing concern.

This was the way in which Oswald had happened to accept the position: He had gone to several companies and shown them the newspaper clippings which stated that he, Oswald Hibrough, had been proved mentally perfect by our leading psychologists. But the men from whom Oswald demanded situations, after glancing from the clippings to Oswald's mentally superior features, had informed him hastily that unfortunately there were fewer openings in their companies than in an inflated balloon. Oswald couldn't understand it. One day he left his newspaper clippings in his other trousers; but he didn't find it out until after he had applied for a position. Before he had time to explain that he was mentally perfect, the manager said that there was a six-dollar-a-week job in the shipping room. So Oswald accepted the position. Though well-fed mentally, he felt the need of some flannel-cakes and a large steak strangled in onions.

After Oswald had been with the company several weeks, the foreman, who was a large, coarse man with a celluloid collar and gravy stains on his satin necktie, said to Oswald in an offensive and overbearing tone:

"Oswald, when you slide those boxes into the wagons, see that they're standing up on

end and not lying on one side. Do you get me?"

"I have studied that," replied Oswald with a mentally perfect smile, "and you are wrong, you know. I save untold exertion, and load many more boxes by sliding them in on one side."

"Is that so!" exclaimed the foreman passionately. "Well, you may save, but we lose \$150 a day from breakage. You're fired!"

But Oswald, knowing that he was mentally perfect, sneered at the plebeian foreman and went away in a dignified manner.

CHAPTER III

"I shall never get married until I am earning three thousand dollars a year," declared Oswald Hibrough, as he wrestled with his dress tie before the mirror in an attempt to get a half-nelson on it and touch its shoulders to his collar. "What is more," he went on savagely, "I shall not marry this Fluffyskirt girl, though she seems to think that I am a fixture around the house. She is a nice little thing; but I am mentally perfect, and I need a woman of more dignity to uphold the social position that will some day be mine."

An hour later he was seated beside Miss Fluffyskirt on the deep davenport in the Fluffyskirt living-room. It may have been the pressure of her dimpled shoulder as she leaned toward him to show him a magazine picture: it may have been the silken touch of her hair against his cheek; at any rate, Oswald suddenly found his arms clasping Miss Fluffyskirt ardently, and felt her lips murmuring the word "Yes" against his.

"Did you know," asked Oswald proudly, after he had learned such serious things as what sort of ring Miss Fluffyskirt wanted and who was to perform the ceremony, "did you know that psychology tests had shown me to be mentally perfect?"

"Of course you are mentally perfect, you silly thing!" cried Miss Fluffyskirt, holding up her lips.

And Oswald Hibrough's contentment was such that he fairly purred.

Not In Her Line

A Jersey woman was at the employment bureau seeking the services of a general maid.

"Have you," she asked the girl, "had any experience in taking care of children?"

"No, ma'am," replied the girl, frankly. "You see, I've only worked for the best families."

Evidence of Genius

"You waste your time painting pictures."

"You are wrong — I sell my pictures."

"Which fact convinces me you can sell anything. Why not take up insurance, or motors, or something with big money in it?"



"No, Kitty, I cannot give you a nickel. You must learn to practice economy."
"But how can I practice economy if I have nothing to practice it with?"



By Benjamin de Casseres

The Visitor from Flagstaff

SCENE: (A country house Somewhere in Mars, on the banks of the Great Canal of the Sun. Two Martians, IXYL and PXYL, are lounging on the Verandah).

IXYL: That last ethergram from Jupiter was rather vague, wasn't it?

PXYL: Got mixed up with that message from Saturn giving us the returns of their last election for the Grand Snith of the planet; but —

IXYL: Hello! What's that (points to a figure volplaning to the lawn).

PXYL: Looks like an Earth-ghost, although his intelligent eyes would seem to —

GHOST (landing on the lawn): Home again! Hello, there, boys? Don't you know me? I'm Professor Percival Lowell, of Flagstaff, Arizona, U. S. A., the Earth. My body just died down there. By Golly! I'm glad to get back here among you again. By the way, got a body for me? I'm nearly numb. Somewhat arctic out there, you know.

IXYL: Well! Well! Canal Lowell! Hurrah! Welcome! A body? The surest thing you know (takes his body—clothes and all—off, and puts it on Professor Lowell's soul. (This is the customary greeting to intelligent ghosts from other planets on Mars.) Ixyl dives into the house and soon returns accoutred with a duplicate of the body and clothes he had taken off). Last visitor we had from Earth was Bill Stead. But we could not hold him long here. He lives out there on Demos, one of our little satellites. He spends his days and nights wigwagging for the soul of Elbert Hubbard. Curious fellows, you Earthlings! But what's the latest news from Down There?

PROFESSOR LOWELL: Same old thing. There's a war in Europe. Stupid old affair. Something about treaties, militarism, Belgium, economic struggle — and all the jargon that is older than the planet itself. Peary and Cook and Mat Henson found the North Pole. Submarines, aeroplanes, wireless around the globe—other gimcracks; but that wouldn't interest you.

PXYL: Rot, of course! They do the same things over and over Down There age after age and keep mumbling "Progress," like those Yogis from India who get in here once in a while and repeat the syllable Om through the streets of our cities till every householder, in desperation, turns on his seismo-victrola to drown the idiot. The killing-bee going on now on Earth we have seen through our telescopes and mesmeric periscopes. Want to take a peep, Professor? We've got a new telescope invented by Arcvad that will bring the battlefields as close to your eye as the cigarette (made of shredded sunbeams, by the way) is close to your fingers.

PROFESSOR LOWELL: Pah! I should say not. To have lived there is enough. What have you got new in canals? My plates do not show up well. Had to leave them all back there at Flagstaff. You would probably laugh at them, but they were the best I could do.

PXYL: We'll take you all over the planet in a four-hour trip you'll never forget. You know, the last time you were here we were all scientific infants. Remember? About nine hundred thousand of your Earth-years ago. And it will rather astound you, too, I think, Professor, to show you

the machine in which we will take this trip. We have invented (the great Arcvad did it) a beautiful instrument that registers cerebral waves from other planets. All that your scientists and poets on Earth have imagined and written about we receive here, and some of these imaginings we have transmuted into realities.

PROFESSOR LOWELL: Wonderful! You astounding supermen! Down There, when I left, the whole peace population of the planet was engaged in munition making —

IXYL (making an esoteric motion to a servant): Muni—what's that? Ah! but here is our vehicle. (Smiles, and looks archly at Professor Lowell.)

PROFESSOR LOWELL: Sacred stars! If it isn't H. G. Wells' Time-Machine!

Off they go on their trip of inspection around the planet that Earthlings have misnamed Mars.

Following the Lead

THE MOTHER: Oh, dear! Fighting again, Charlie? Such a black eye! If only you'd follow the lead of the minister's little boy —

THE HOPEFUL: I did try to follow his lead, but he led again with his left and that's how he biffed me.

Striking Manners

THE JUDGE: You say that throughout this affair you acted like a perfect lady?

MRS. CASEY: Sure, Your Honor; when he tips his hat to me an' me not knowin' him, I ups with a rock an' caves in his face.

Catastrophe

"This is a dandy cigar."

"Good night! I gave you the wrong one."

Genius

"Bill has finally found a profitable outlet for his imagination."

"How?"

"He writes recipes for women's magazines."

Casus Criminus

"Isn't her voice inspiring?"

"Yes. It inspires violence!"

ADVENTURES ON THE CLOTHESLINE



"Gadzooks, son—how could you cut down yon cherry tree?"



"Father, I cannot tell a lie,



I am a woodpecker!"

PLAYS & PLAYERS BY ALAN DALE

Have you ever met the old-timer — that dreadful theatre-bore who will button-hole you in the lobby, and tell you how gorgeous the actors and the play were before you were born, or whilst you were prattling artlessly at mommer's knee? Surely, you must know him. Have you ever noticed that he asks you for your opinion, and never waits an answer for fear it might interfere with his flow of eloquence? Of course I don't meet quite as many of him as I used to do in my extreme youth, and he is much older than he was, and he realizes that I have a memory too. But he crops up occasionally.



OLD-TIMERS

JOHN, WHO LOVES HER EVEN THOUGH — HER PAW, THE ALMIGHTY'S CONFIDANT — DAISY, WHO HAS ERRED — E. B. LEWIS

idea, that occur nearly every season. I wonder if Mrs. Richie could have found in her day as admirable an actress as Miss Mary Shaw, who played *Mrs. Tiffany* at these matinees? I ha'e me'doots. Miss Shaw was so amusing, and so non-exaggerated, and so demure, that it was a treat to watch her performance. Edwin Nicander, and Miss Aimee Dalmores were almost equally successful. At least we can say that "Fashion" had the advantage of our seasoned actors.

I'm not going to pretend that I ever thought "The Girl

The old-timer is rather a coward. All he can do is talk — to those who cannot refute his arguments. He takes no chances. For instance, at the delightful American Drama matinees, given by Arthur Hopkins and Robert Edmond Jones, at the Republic Theatre, I saw no sign of the old-timer. I cannot help thinking that he was afraid to be confronted with the actual performance of scenes from the dear old plays. So he stayed away, and the theatre was filled with curiosity-seeking young-timers.

This review of the American drama from Royall Tyler in 1787, to Clyde Fitch in 1902, was really one of the most entertaining events of the season, and quite worth a place in a regular theatre bill. Scenes from seven different plays were enacted as carefully as possible, and though most of us were there in order to feel awfully superior, don't you know, I fancy that when we left the theatre we were not so puffed up as we expected to be. As far as I could see, the stage had progressed rather in the direction of elegantly appointed playhouses, and luxurious scenic accessories, than in the matter of drama itself. In 1787, there was the John Street Theatre; in 1917, the kaleidoscopic Century.

I'll let you into a secret, but for goodness' sake don't let it go any further: Three of the old plays that were exploited on this programme, I saw at their first night performances. Really, for the first time in my gay, jocund young life, I felt like Methusaleh. The three plays were "Shore Acres," by James A. Herne, "A Texas Steer," by Charles H. Hoyt, and "The Girl With the Green Eyes," by Clyde Fitch. There they were, trotted out as examples of "old style," and there was I who had reviewed all three

at their initial productions. Of course, I kept very quiet and pretended to be much surprised — and all that sort of thing — but I must tell you the truth, and nothing but the truth.

The only consolation I could find lay in the delightful fact that I had *not* seen Royall Tyler's "The Contrast" in 1787, or William Dunlap's "Andre" in 1798, or Anna Cora Mowatt Richie's "Fashion" in 1845, or Frank E. Murdoch's "Davy Crockett" in 1873. Oh, joy! It seemed too good to be true. There were four plays that were comparatively new to me, and that fact sweetened the nasty Methusaleh flavor that I had hated. Once again, I was a laughing lad.

I hate people who "reminisce." They are such nuisances, and they take such a mean advantage of those whose sole defect is youth. Moreover, I consider them morbid. After all, we are concerned with to-day rather than with yesterday, and to-morrow must be anticipated. Why should some sour old fossil ask the world to stand still while he rakes among the embers of his horrible memory for material that nobody really wants? I felt so exhilarated at the thought that I had not reviewed Royall Ryler's "Contrast" in 1787.

The most amusing feature of this entertaining programme was the first act of Anna Cora Mowatt Richie's "Fashion, or Life in New York." The satire, and the humor, and the deft touches made us feel a trifle ashamed of our brand-new to-day. Mrs. Richie made fun of the social aspirations of the *nouveaux riches*, just as playwrights do in 1917. The theme was evidently as droll then as it is now. In this old play it was as fresh, and apparently as spontaneous, as in any of the new comedies dealing with the

with the Green eyes" a good play. I turn to my record of 1902 (that isn't so frightfully long ago, is it?) and I find that I designated it as "an inconceivable farrago of comedy indelicacy and emotional dishwater. . . in which the blithering inanity of the lunatic asylum, the airy persiflage of the Cash Girls' News, and the unmentionable stories of the smoke room were blended into a veritable plum pudding." This excerpt from the third act, that we saw, didn't call for all that. It was at least short and sweet.

I should like to see more of the American Drama matinees. Their effect is beneficial; they take us down a peg or two; they drag us from our high horses, so to speak, and they force us to realize that out grandparents were not as much to be pitied as we love to think. And when you actually *know* that in those nice days there were no "movies," you are bound to admit that life must have had some pleasant moments.

It was at a "professional matinee" at Maxine Elliott's Theatre, that I re-visited the three plays that were first produced by Miss Gertrude Kingston at the Neighborhood Playhouse in Grand Street. These, as you may recall, are Shaw, varied with Lord Dunsany, and the "uptown" atmosphere seemed more conducive to their welfare than did the ozone of Grand Street. Miss Kingston is an actress of charm and sincerity and in Shaw's "Great Catherine" she was at her best — which cannot be said of Shaw himself. "Great Catherine" suggested to me the gambols of an elephant, trying to be skittish for the sake of the "mob." This may be heresy on my part, and probably is, but at any rate, I shall not be burned at the stake. Heresy to-day is really not at all unpleasant.

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WEEK ENDING FEBRUARY 17, 1917

The Voice of Von Tirpitz

IN answer to the President's earnest message pointing out that "peace without victory" is the only peace that could be durable, comes the voice of Tirpitz, the Prussian terror of the seas. The German note informing the United States that, beginning with February 1, 1917, Germany will resort to ruthless warfare on the seas, sinking all ships — that of neutrals included — within the outlined zone, marks the revival of the Von Tirpitz-Crown Prince domination, which was suppressed for a time by the saner elements of Germany.

Germany has failed to do what the world expected her to do. She declined, at this juncture, after the President had practically prepared a way for mediation, to outline her terms of peace.

The Allied Powers stated their peace terms. No doubt these terms were unreasonable, in excess of the conditions upon which they would be willing to end the war. But that should not have served as an excuse for Germany, in her refusal to present her own peace terms to the world, since she had announced her readiness for peace.

Efficient in her warfare, Germany has blundered, on numerous occasions during this war, in her diplomacy. And of all the blunders, with the possible exception of the sinking of the Lusitania, this latest move is beyond doubt the most insane.

The President's task is grave and most difficult. He has handled the European situation from a humanitarian, truly American viewpoint, and has succeeded in keeping the moral prestige of America higher than ever before. His attitude in this new crisis has back of it the united moral forces of the American people and the good will of the best elements in all the neutral lands.

The voice and the hand and the spirit of the Von Tirpitz type of fighters are sowing ever more hatred in the world, without realizing that only at the close of this war will the awful days of reckoning come.

"They who sow the wind, will reap the whirlwind."

Social Unrest

INQUISITIVE people of this and all preceding generations who have read numerous ponderous articles about the social unrest, must have wondered why nobody ever writes about the social rest.

If these inquisitive people didn't find the right answer

to this puzzle, it was because the answer was too simple, like the conundrum: "Why does Uncle Sam wear red white and blue suspenders?"

The reason that people write about the social unrest is because there always is a social unrest and always will be; and the reason they do not write about a social rest is because such a thing is quite as impossible as a still wind. Human society may be more restful at some times than at others, but it never sinks wholly into innocuous desuetude.

The Curse of Meroz

IT is agreed by any number of impartial observers that the Colonel and the Kaiser have much in common. Each, for example, is strikingly like the other in the little matter of taking one's self seriously. Again, for example, neither is handicapped by an unwieldy sense of humor. And for further example, both are on terms of pleasant intimacy with the Most High, the Kaiser with "God;" the Colonel with "the Lord."

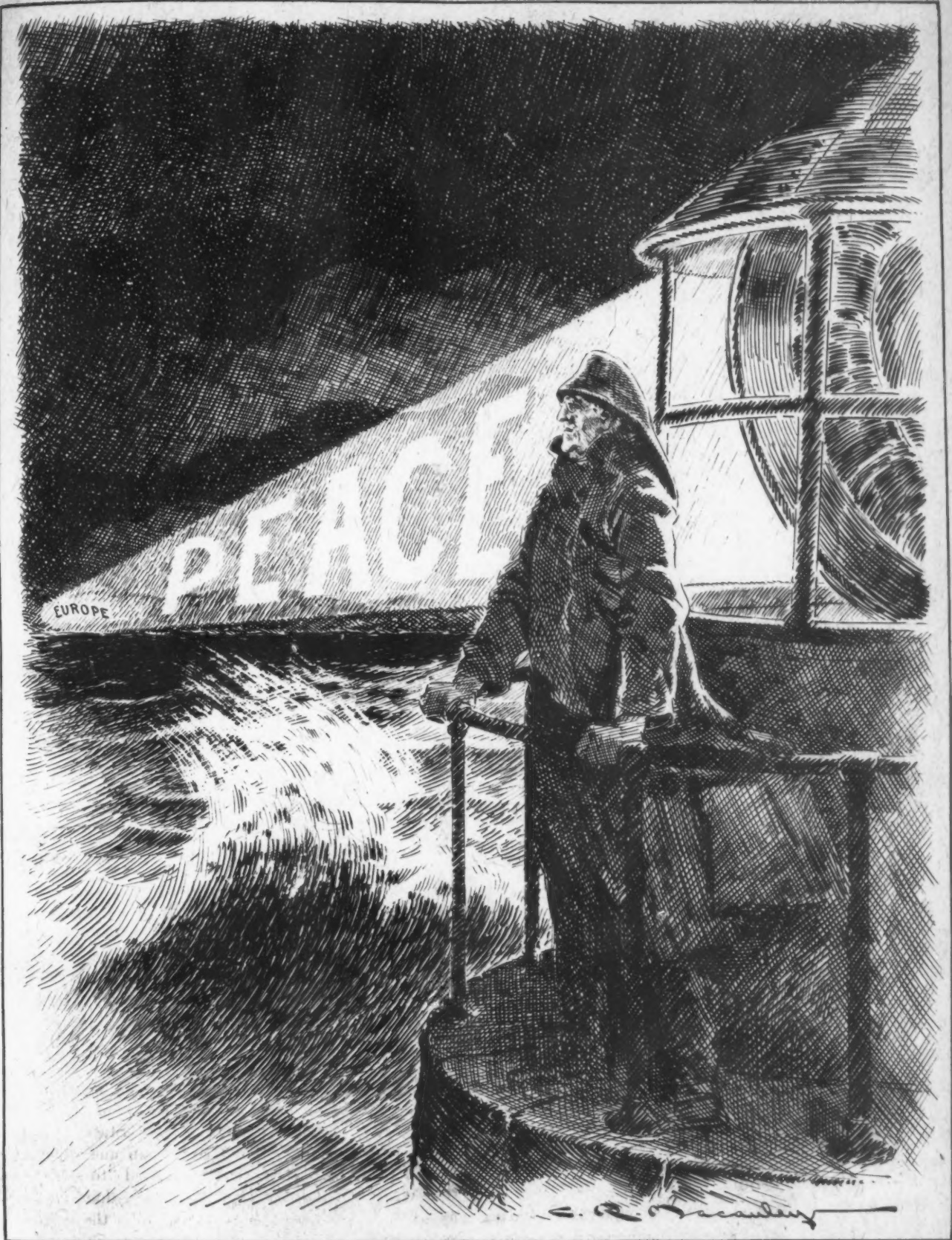
According to the scriptures, when Moses held speech with the Deity he went up into the Mountain and "a cloud covered the mount." Standing on no higher a mount than his own Sagamore Hill, and dispensing wholly with clouds, the Colonel lifts up his voice as follows:

"'Curse ye Meroz,'" said the angel of the Lord; "'curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the Mighty.'"

"President Wilson has earned for his nation the curse of Meroz, for he has not dared to stand on the side of the Lord, against the wrong-doing of the mighty."

Thus cursed by divine proxy, the President can do naught but beat his breast and betake himself, weeping, to the wilderness of shame. One ray of hope, one and one only, remains for him. If it be true that "he has not dared to stand on the side of the Lord against the wrong-doing of the mighty," Mr. Wilson may solace himself with the thought that he has but followed an illustrious predecessor. No name need be mentioned, but the person we have in mind is one of the two-surviving ex-presidents of the United States. This person, after "standing at Armageddon and battling for the Lord" in 1912, not only neglected "to stand on the side of the Lord against the wrong-doing of the mighty" in 1916, but joined forces with the mighty wrong-doers and "cursed" every one who didn't.

If President Wilson will but heed this in his dark hour of affliction, he may be able to stand up — yea, even under the curse of Meroz.



— Drawn by C. B. Macauley

The Keeper of the Light



The Mantle of O. Henry

Spoof, the book reviewer, shuddered. He did that every time a new batch of the latest novels came into the office. What he dreaded most was reading the publisher's blurbs. There were two expressions, especially, which he had begun to fear. They recurred constantly and not only curdled his milk of human kindness but twisted his Angora into many fantastic shapes.

"Let us follow our hero," as the detective said, jingling the handcuffs.

The first book he picked up was "Chuck Steak and Prime Ribs," a collection of short stories by the celebrated author of "Underdone" and "Boarding House Idyls." Wearily he noticed that it was announced as "the greatest novel of the year." Thereupon he overturned the trash basket with a well directed kick.

He continued reading: "We do not hesitate to assert that 'Chuck Steak and Prime Ribs' will take its place among the great master-

pieces of all time. It is full of red blood. The author, Bartholomew Pudge, has succeeded to the —"

Spoof paled and rose trembling from his chair. Macbeth at the Banquet Scene had nothing on him. He saw the old, familiar ghost.

"— the mantle of O. Henry," he concluded reading in a weak babble.

He aimed "Chuck Steak and Prime Ribs" at the office cat, who was lazily licking her chops. Then he seized another volume, "Tears of Women," in his cold, clammy hands.

"For emotional appeal," he read, "'Tears of Women' will rank as the greatest novel of the year. Not a dry line in it. Oceans of sentiment. Oleander Margerine, the gifted author, has made good her claim to the mantle of O. Henry."

"It should have been his pocket handkerchief," sighed Spoof.

With the resignation of despair he brushed

"Tears of Women" off his desk and whisked it straight into the huge, cylindrical umbrella rack near the door.

"Tears, idle tears," he muttered, reminiscently.

He fell upon "The Hot Bun," by Anonymous, as if he intended to devour it. Fixing his gaze upon the paper cover like one obsessed, he repeated word for word the publisher's inspired words:

"'The Hot Bun' may justly be considered the greatest novel of the year. It has extraordinary warmth of feeling. The anonymous author, who chooses to let his work speak for itself, is the logical heir to the mantle of O. Henry."

After flinging "The Hot Bun" behind the steam radiator Spoof gazed resentfully at the books which cluttered his desk.

"A thousand years in Thy sight," he muttered, "is but as yesterday when it is past and as a watch in the night. That seems to account for a thousand 'greatest novels' in the last twenty-four hours. And as for the mantle of O. Henry — a gleam of insight illumined his eyes — "I am sure that by this time it has been cut into shreds and used to patch up many a 'crazy quilt.'"

In the millennium all critics will be creative artists.



WALTER DE MARIS

"Abner, I simply won't eat in this shameful place!"

"Me neither, Matilda, I don't want to look at food."

— Drawn by Walter de Maris

Boys and Conversation

An uproar of sorts is emanating from Harvard University because somebody with a high, alabaster brow has made the horrible discovery that Harvard undergraduates, while dining, converse on no subjects other than sports, women and the weather.

A number of intense persons have leaped into print with convulsive movements and declared feverishly that such conversation demonstrates conclusively the triviality of our National character.

There is a possibility that they are correct. There is also a possibility that such conversation merely demonstrates the internal wriggles and writhings which fill all normal American youths at signs of abnormality in their fellows.

There are without doubt many Harvard undergraduates who could enliven the dinner-hour by conversing vivaciously on *Ceramics As Related to Cigarette Smoking*, *Why the Neanderthal Man Didn't Need a Dentist*, *the Association Between Sponge-Cake and the French Revolution*, *the Internal Evidence in Shakespeare's Plays Which Proves That Shakespeare Was Once a Junk Dealer*, *the Home Life of the Homeric Grocer*, and many other absorbing subjects.

Those who are familiar with the American boy, however, are well aware of what would happen if one of a tableful of healthy youths should look up from his plate of fish-chowder and advance an interesting bit of conversation beginning: "I note with some interest that our chowder-to-day is made from halibut, one of the best-known flat-fish. Flat-fish is the name common to all those fishes which swim on their side, as the turbot, brill, plaice, flounder, sole, etcetera. The side which is turned toward the bottom is generally colorless, and called 'blind,' from the absence of an eye on this side. The opposite side, which is turned upwards and toward the light, is variously, and in some tropical species even vividly, colored, both eyes being placed on this side of the head. All the bones and muscles of the upper side are more strongly developed than on the lower; but it is noteworthy that these fishes when hatched, and for a short time afterwards, are symmetrical like other fishes."

If the young man was fortunate, he might get as far as that. The chances are excellent, though, that some of the other young men would consider that he was disgracing himself before he had spoken more than two sentences, and would put an end to their own embarrassment and to his indecency by stopping him with a well-aimed shower of bread-crusts, butter plates and other dining-room impedimenta. Practically every normal young man, moreover, would know the sentiments that such a speech would arouse in his fellows, and could not be bribed to enunciate anything other than the tritest remarks. Hence the absence of truly precious conversation at undergraduate dining-tables.

Better dull conversation on sports, women and the weather than an attempt at high-brow intercourse, with its resultant broken plates, mental unrest and acute indigestion.



THE FLIRT

Maybe the Editor is also a Doctor

A Ford was wrecked between P. Falks and C. Dicke's farm at Washington Saturday afternoon. The car started to slide off the road, and finally landed in a deep ditch and striking a stone fence. It was damaged very badly. Fortunately the driver and the other passengers were hurt.

— *Shawano-co (Wis.) Journal*.

Crowding Ten Days into Seven

Rev. M. L. Voyles, of Bentonville, was here Saturday, the guest of Dr. and Mrs. W. D. Foster. Rev. Mr. Voyles is general missionary of the Baptist church and is conducting a ten days revival meeting in Gentry this week.

— *Gravette (Ark.) Record*.

Whaddy Ya Mean, "Lay Out?"

MAKE YOUR DREAM OF HOME COME TRUE.—It is so Easy. No matter how two of you have planned to lay out that cozy home, we can help you. Come in and see us. W. C. Fickert, Embalming and Undertaking.

— *Ad in Red Bluff (Cal.) Sentinel*.



"Gee, I'm 'fraid I been talkin' in my sleep. Mother's found out I brush my hair with the back o' the brush!"

Idle Gossip

Idle gossip is the busiest thing in the world. It can travel a thousand miles while the subject of the gossip is walking around the block and congratulating himself that his affairs are known to nobody else.

It can increase its size with more success and enthusiasm than anything known to science, with the exception of a panic in the stock market. A single mouthful of idle gossip has been known to spread over thirty-eight states in a single day, and develop enough velocity to wreck at least two homes.

It is also one of the most thorough engines of destruction in use. It can take a reputation that has been built up by many years of hard labor, and reduce it to small, attenuated shreds in less time than it takes to put down an umbrella.

Idle gossip originated in the Pliocene period, because that was the first period in which man (and woman) appeared. In the intervals between being chased into giant ferns by sabre-toothed lions or cavern bears, the women of the Pliocene would remark to each other in the same pitying manner that may be observed at any church supper at the present time that Emil Trichopteris didn't get home until three o'clock that morning, and that if his poor wife did what she ought to do, she would bounce a fifty-pound fragment of volcanic tuff on his head. If Emil had come around and explained that his late arrival had been due to an encounter with a hook-tusked mastodon, his words would have been received in cold and scornful silence; and careful mothers would have rushed their daughters to the protecting shelter of the highest cave in the cliff. Thus Emil's social career was wrecked, and Idle Gossip whistled carelessly through its teeth and peered around for the next victim.

Clothes, customs, transportation systems, methods of communication, warfare and religions change from era to era; but Idle Gossip wears the same old clothes, does business in the same old way, and gets results with the same passionate thoroughness that it displayed when it was only one day old.

If the labor unions could take steps to persuade Idle Labor to go on an eight-hour day, or even on a sixteen-hour day, they would be given several chambers to themselves in the Hall of Fame.

Whaddy Ya Mean, "Cosmotion?"

Daniel Francis Leman, 45, salesman, Hotel Metropole, and Anna May Feicy, 25, cosmotion, of Hotel Emery.

— *From the Cincinnati Marriage Licenses*.

The Hardy Students of Illini

Cadets who already have their own uniforms will wear them at drill. Uniform for drill will habitually be shirt without gloves unless otherwise ordered.

— *Daily Illini*.

A Serious Question

Somebody connected with the motion picture industry is contemplating the erection of a Movie Hall of Fame in Central Park, New York, to serve as a storehouse for films of historic value and a monument to geni of the movies. The builders of the Hall of Fame should not underestimate the number of statues and tablets that will be required if everybody is honored who deserves to be honored. In addition to providing memorials to the cow-eyed sport shirt wearers who are all the world to millions of adoring females, and to the doll-faced film beauties of whom millions of heart-sick schoolboys dream, the directors of the Hall of Fame must perform erect large monuments to the man who persuaded actors and actresses to wash their hands before submitting them to close-ups, the man who first wrote grammatical cut-ins, the first man to discover that the pursuit wasn't the only method of getting action into a film, the first man who realized that the homes of wealthy persons needn't contain three pieces of furniture to every square yard of floor space, and all the other men of acute perception who have made the movies fit to look at. There must be a special shrine for a pair of Charley Chaplin's shoes. There must be a room devoted to some of the contracts obtained by movie stars, so that our descendants may know that we aren't lying when we tell them that movie actresses got more salary than baseball players or presidents. There must be a library of serial films, to prove to the poor boy of the future that even the worst and sloppiest work is frequently rewarded. These are only a few of the things for which provision must be made. The question now arises, is Central Park large enough to hold a Movie Hall of Fame?

By The Dawn's Early Light

"You see, m'dear," argued Blinks, who arrived home in an explanatory mood, "it was like this. I got thinkin' so hard of the beau'ful Statue of Lib'ty all lit up and it made me so pat'r'ic that I just hatago and get lit up m'self."



"If ye'll roll over a few times, lady, till ye reduce, Jimmy and me'll give ye a lift to your feet!"

COL. ARDOLPH L. KLINE

A Fearless and Efficient Official



A native of New Jersey, where he was born in 1858, in Sussex County, Ardolph L. Kline, Tax Commissioner of the City of New York since 1914, is the son of Anthony and Margaret (Busby) Kline. His mother was of Scotch-Irish extraction, and his father, whose ancestry was Teutonic, fought in the Civil War with the Twenty-seventh New Jersey Volunteers.

Ardolph, after attending schools at Andover and Newton N. J., gained a valuable business training with the New York firm of W. C. Peet & Co.

In 1876 we find him a private in the Fourteenth Regiment National Guard of New York, and upon the outbreak of the Spanish War he was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fourteenth Regiment New York Volunteers. He participated in some lively fighting at the front, and later passing through all grades was named, on July 26, 1901, for the rank of Brevet-Brigadier-general.

Colonel Kline in 1902 received the Republican nomination for Sheriff of Kings County, waging a vigorous and almost successful campaign. In 1903, and again in 1905, Colonel Kline was elected to the New York Board of Aldermen. During his tenure of office he established an enviable reputation for progressiveness and efficiency.

In 1908 President Roosevelt recognized his ability by appointing him Assistant Appraiser of Merchandise, Port of New York. He resigned on July 1, 1911, and again represented the Fifty-first Aldermanic District for the term 1912-13, becoming vice-chairman of the Board.

When John Purroy Mitchell resigned the presidency of the Board of Aldermen to become the Collector of the Port of New York, Colonel Kline, under the charter, became president of the Board. And again, when Mayor William J. Gaynor died, on September 10, 1913, Colonel Kline became Mayor of the City of New York for the remainder of his term.

He was appointed Commissioner of Taxes and Assessments January 6, 1914.

Colonel Kline belongs to numerous naval and military orders. His club affiliations include the Montauk and Civic, and he is a member of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

Colonel Kline was married on November 25, 1886, to Miss Frances A. Phalon, and they have one daughter, Mrs. Edward J. Schell. —[Adv.]

Dr. William Shields Myers

The able and energetic Dr. Myers of New York is perhaps best known throughout the United States as the Chilean Nitrate propaganda director — but of this more hereafter.

Dr. William Shields Myers is a chemist, and a graduate of Rutgers College. He studied at the Universities of Munich and Berlin, was a pupil and co-worker in London of Sir William Ramsay, and is a Fellow of the Chemical Society of Great Britain. He was chemist at the New Jersey Experiment Station, Lister Agricultural Chemical Works, and Professor of Chemistry at Rutgers College — of which he is a trustee — becoming, in 1901, director for the United States and its insular possessions of the Chilean Nitrate Propaganda.

In conjunction with Professor Voorhees, Dr. Myers, in 1906, laid before President Diaz complete plans for a system of Agricultural Experiment Stations and Colleges for Mexico.

He is a life member of the Society of Chemical Industry of Great Britain, the American Chemical Society, the University Club of New York, and many other clubs and learned societies.

Dr. Myers brings to his task an unexcelled expert knowledge, and his enthusiasm and tireless energy on behalf of the famous Chilean product — nitrate — is increasing the demand for it all over the country. It was indeed time the American farmer was waked up to its amazing value as a fertilizer, as, for many years, the United States has lagged far behind Europe in solving the problem of soil exhaustion.

This is all the more strange, inasmuch as Chile is so near a neighbor, and her nitrate beds practically inexhaustible. For at this writing Chile's explored nitrate grounds cover but 2,244 square miles, and she has yet some 74,976 sq. miles unexplored! It is safe to assert that the nitrate zone of Chile at the present rate of production will last for another 300 years.

These figures, upon which the estimate is based, are authorized by the Inspector-General of nitrate grounds, in his report to the Chilean Government, and who arrived at them only after the most scientific and conservative tests and measurements. Everything was taken into consideration by him, and from the theoretical quantity of pure nitrate of soda resulting from his operations, a reduction of 40% was made to cover various losses or errors. He demonstrates conclusively that the Chilean nitrate deposits cannot be exhausted under 300 years.

The center of the Chilean nitrate trade is Iquique, and "caliche," as the raw nitrate is called, is not known to exist, in commercial quantities, anywhere else in the world than in Chile. As a plant food the Chilean nitrate of soda produces results little less than astounding.

The propaganda office was established in New York in 1898, and since Dr. Myers became its efficient head, the consumption of Chilean nitrate in the United States, as a result of his scientifically conducted campaign of education, has risen from 677,000 tons (1901-03) to 1,509,700 tons (1910-12).

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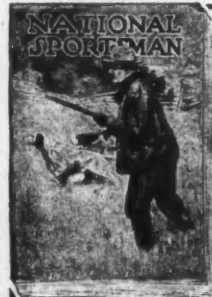
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"Look What I Bought!"

A Bed-Time Story for Grown-Ups

By Ellis O. Jones

Once upon a time there was a Great Big Husband who had a Little Bit of a Wife. They loved each other dearly and each wanted to retain the love and respect of the other for all time.

The Great Big Husband was very liberal in money matters with the Little Bit of a Wife. And so with nothing to hinder, she went down to the shops every day and ordered bountifully of the frills and gewgaws which the enterprising tradesmen had provided for impressionable ladies whose husbands had furnished them generously with funds.

Then when the goods came home, the Little Bit of a Wife would exhibit them to her husband and exclaim proudly, "Look what I bought!" Then she would go into details, oftentimes of the minutest nature, of her wonderful purchase.

The Great Big Husband was always appreciative. He believed his Little Bit of a Wife had excellent taste and all that sort of thing, and for many years he was quite content to see her busily filling the rôle of plain and fancy shopper. But then one day, in a thoughtful mood, he fell to wondering why his Little Bit of a Wife never laid any other claim to his admiration except her ability to buy great quantities of goods and pay large sums of money therefor.

"Why," he asked himself, "does she always and invariably greet me with, 'Look what I bought!' Why doesn't she sometimes surprise me by saying 'Look what I made!' or look what I learned!' or 'Look what I performed.'"

The thought disturbed him. The more he pondered upon it the more he realized that no great amount of skill or intelligence was required to buy goods if one had plenty of money to buy them with, whereas to do things and make things and learn things properly required much skill and intelligence.

One day he even went so far as to suggest these thoughts to his Little Bit of a Wife, but she entirely misunderstood him. Instead of listening to his words carefully and considering them calmly, she burst into tears and declared that he didn't love her any more. If the Little Bit of a Wife had been less assiduous as a buyer and more assiduous as a thinker, she might have taken a hint from her Great Big Husband's suggestion, but she did not, preferring to continue in the ways to which she was accustomed.

One night when her Great Big Husband came home, she greeted him enthusiastically with her customary greeting, "Look what I bought," and showed him an unusually extravagant purchase.

But it so happened that the Great Big Husband was in an uncompromising frame of mind that evening and so he rejoined impulsively, "Look where I'm going!"

"Look where you're going?" she queried, in surprise. "Are you going somewhere?"

"Yes."

"Where are you going?"

"Away."

"Away?"

"Yes. I am going to seek an environment that is not surcharged with spendthriftiness. I will give you a plentiful allowance for all necessary and unnecessary expenses, but I will betake myself to some aloof spot where I will not be compelled to witness, much less admire, the results of said expenditures!"

When he had spoken these words, the Great Big Husband disappeared completely and the Little Bit of a Wife never saw him again. The only way she knew that he kept on living was by his signature at the bottom of the monthly checks which thenceforth she received with punctilious regularity.

Too Close

MRS. HARDUP: And he wouldn't loan you even ten dollars? Why, I thought he was such a close friend.

HARDUP: Well, he proved it, didn't he?

Perhaps, if he were to be approached just the right way, the Hon. Tom Lawson might consent to do as much for the *Congressional Record* as he did for *Everybody's Magazine*. But, on second thought, perhaps there is enough "frenzied" stuff in the *Record* already.



Eleanore Cochran

A Young American Singer of Great Celebrity

Eleanore Cochran, one of our greatest dramatic sopranos, received her vocal training in the metropolis with Miss Eleanor McLellan. For repertoire she studied with Walter Kiesewetter, and for action with Theodore Habelmann, who, it should be remembered, staged the first American production of "The Ring."

Six years ago, Miss Cochran went to Europe, where she filled highly successful engagements at Chemnitz, and later on at Dantzig, in which latter Baltic Sea port she still has part of her contract to complete. Miss Cochran, whose return to this country was more or less compulsory by reason of the European war, expects to return to Europe to fulfil her contracts upon its cessation.

Miss Cochran has been extremely busy this season in concert work. She has just signed engagements to sing at three of the big spring festivals, and these are but a few of many other important things pending—notable musical events in which she will play a conspicuous part. She will, for instance, give a series of recitals this season at Harvard and Radcliffe.

Miss Cochran is favored with an unusually prepossessing stage presence, and her sweet, clear and ringing notes disclose the most artistic schooling. She has a truly beautiful and highly cultured soprano voice, and her interpretation, whether in concert or opera, is as infallibly correct as it is uniformly successful. This highly gifted young singer disdains any attempt at spectacular effects, her rendition of her many rôles being marked by dignity and high artistry. Her aim is always to convey the composer's idea, and not give a mere exhibition of vocal strength.

Last winter Miss Cochran sang in more than fifty American cities, everywhere winning the greatest success. This year she accompanied the New York Philharmonic Society on its 1916 Spring Festival Tour, and was pronounced by its distinguished conductor, Joseph Stransky, "one of the very best young American singers."

In such cities as Buffalo, New Orleans, Des Moines and Mobile, Miss Cochran received the most flattering reception, compelling the highest encomiums, and creating a lasting impression upon her audiences. Her remarkable abilities as a Wagnerian interpreter were disclosed in "Dich theure Halle," and "Elsa's Dream," and she was equally successful in the works of such other great composers as Thannhauser, Verdi, Bizet, etc.

With a voice of great power, yet perfectly controlled, and of most sympathetic timbre, Miss Cochran's intelligent, refined and artistic interpretative powers are unexcelled, and everywhere have the most favorable effect. There is distinction in her artistry. — [Adv.]

Cold Weather Garb

"Good morning, daughter. How did you rest last night?"

"Good morning, Mother. I rested as well as could be expected, in view of the fact that the cold was so extreme that I had to have four blankets and two comforters on the bed. The morning paper says that the mercury registered twenty below last night, and that it may go even lower to-day."

"Yes, my dear, it looks like an old freezer. If you go out, be sure to wear your warmest clothes."

"Indeed I shall, Mother. I shall wear my blue taffeta dress and my new spring straw hat with the cluster of squirrel-eggs on it."

"That will be nice, daughter. You should also put on your light brown kid boots with the paper soles and your nice light brown silk hose; and please be careful to wear as little underwear as possible, so that your skirt won't look bunchy."

"Yes, Mother; I had intended to do that. I shall also wear my ears exposed in the latest cold-weather fashion, and put on my latest Georgette crêpe waist with the low neck that makes me look as though I didn't have much of anything under my coat."

"How charming you will look, daughter. One feels so much warmer when one is garbed in fashionable attire than when one is bundled up in the stifling, board-like garments that are affected by the shivering middle classes during the winter months."

"Does one not, Mother!"

"Yes, indeed, one does, daughter! And when you finally go out, I think it would be a good idea for you to tie a tag bearing your name and address to your waist, so that when you finally freeze solid, the ambulance driver will know where to carry you."

"Of course, Mother! You know me!"

Exposed at Last!

Many unsavory things have long been known of the late King Louis XI of France; but not until a Princeton professor really looked into the matter recently and rattled a number of hitherto undiscovered bones did it develop that Louis XI was a confirmed hen-thief, who was as adept at snaking a pullet from the top perch of a neighbor's hen-roost as the wildest Afro-American in the business. Louis XI died over 433 years ago. In all that time his reputation has been little worse than that of the over-successful coal-baron or the congressman who grows wealthy in Congress. His descendants held important political posts in France, and pursued the difficult art of kinging with great pertinacity and success. They were prominent socially, and never had the figner of scorn aimed at them. But now, at one fell swoop, the long-hidden sin of their illustrious ancestor has leaped nimbly from the musty pages of the past to mantle their cheeks with blushes and cause the perspiration to stand upon their foreheads in the still watches of the night. After all these years of honest toil, people whose ancestors were never found out can say scornfully of the descendants of Louis XI: "They may be all right, but their great-great-great-grandfather was a chicken thief! Look out for 'em!" An ancestor worthy of the name owes it to himself to prepare alibis for all possible contingencies.

Special to Puck

Special to Puck from Berlin: "Why, what is this I am eating?" asked the visitor to Germany. "This doesn't taste like butter-substitute." The food expert smiled tolerantly. "Of course, it doesn't," he replied. "Our butter-substitute gave out long ago. This is substitute-butter-substitute you are eating on your bread."

At the Top

Old Decker has become known all over town as an expert card player.

Yes, he seems to have reached the pinochle of fame.

Diplomatic

"I overheard Miss Oldun ask you to guess her age. Did you?"

"Yes, but I didn't tell her what I guessed."



Anna Fitziu

An Irresistibly Charming Young Lyric Soprano

Young, beautiful and of distinguished Southern ancestry, Anna Fitziu became famous — almost in a night — in Italy, whither she went a few years ago, making her début as a protégée of the famous Italian opera-publisher Tito Ricordi. In this land of love and song Miss Fitziu's unusual vocal and histrionic powers, her wondrous personal charm and fascination, her irresistible beauty, sweetness and amiability conquered all hearts, and her success was instantaneous.

A Juno in stature, with a beautifully poised head and lovely neck, fine oval face lighted by starry eyes, well cut mouth, pearly teeth and glorious blushrose complexion, Miss Fitziu's beauty is such as to compel admiration anywhere. All these necessary concomitants of musical genius are, however, overshadowed by her marvelous vocal powers, and as a singer she has everywhere deserved and received the highest encomiums. Her interpretation of the many rôles she has so successfully essayed has been marked by an increasing spiritual insight and intelligence. In Micaela, Elsa, Nedda, Desdemona, and, as the heroine in Montemezzi's opera, "Love of the Three Kings," a rôle the young prima donna "created" by the express wish of the composer, Miss Fitziu won a wide renown, and all Europe soon acclaimed her a Queen of Song. Offers deluged her from leading impresarios in Italy, Spain and France.

Miss Fitziu, who sings twenty-two operas in the languages, has made distinguished appearances in Rome, Madrid (where for two seasons she was leading *prime donne* at the Royal Opera), in Barcelona, Naples, Palermo (Sicily), Florence and Pavia, where she took a leading part in the Verdi Centenary. And by wish of the composer Miss Fitziu was the creatrix of the rôle of Francesca in Mancinelli's opera "Paola and Francesca."

This enchanting young soprano has sung by special command at the Courts of Spain, Italy and England, and been the recipient of countless Royal gifts, among which she prizes most a gold and jeweled brooch which was pinned to her corsage by the young Queen Victoria of Spain.

Before the War, cancelling her numerous Continental engagements, compelled her to return to her native land, Miss Fitziu sang for the soldiers in the French trenches, her bewitching voice and personality cheering the young warriors, and lightening their weary vigils.

Almost immediately upon Miss Fitziu's arrival from her European triumphs, her book was filled with Concert engagements throughout her own land, where she is now a prime favorite with her appreciative countrymen.

Miss Fitziu's charm resides in her delightful voice of grateful timbre, easy emission and sureness. She sings quietly, as if speaking, reaches high notes with certainty, and has all the allure of a proud and youthful figure coupled with the splendors of a suave, tender, limpid, almost ethereal voice.

With a fine talent and natural gifts, Anna Fitziu's strong will has done the rest. "I wish to be an artist," she fervently exclaimed, in her teens, after hearing another singer. Bending all her energies to this end, the then brilliant and lovely young amateur made her début, within a year, at Turin, Italy, reaping an immediate and rich reward, and where her sublime faculties first became known to the world. [Adv.]

Slanderous Tongues

"Oh, I've just been up to see Percy at College!" cried Mrs. Van Isching Coyne; "he has quite the loveliest suite of apartments."

"What is he stud —" began the visitor.

"A perfectly delightful living room on the second floor of Croesus Hall, with a big bedroom and private bath adjoining."

"Indeed? What is Percy —"

"Croesus Hall is easily the most exclusive dormitory of the college. Only boys of the best families live there. Percy will have the best social advantages."

"What is —"

"Percy tells me that there is a magnificent swimming pool, quite Roman in its elegance, in the basement, while upstairs on the roof there is a sun parlor. Really, I quite envy the college man."

"What —"

"And just to keep the place exclusive, and to see that no undesirable people get in, they have a footman and two bellboys continually in attendance in the foyer! And O, it is such a charming foyer! All of marble, you know, with the most cosy reception and writing rooms opening off."

"What is Percy studying for?"

"I beg pardon!"

"What is Percy studying for? What are you going to make of him?"

Mrs. Van Isching Coyne drew herself up and donned her most frigid manner.

"Who has been spreading these reports about us?" she inquired haughtily. "What have you heard, pray? What has been said that would lead you to assume such things?"

"Why—why, what DO you mean?" asked the visitor, abashed; "what things?"

"Why, that we are obliged to send Percy to college to study for something; that we are seeking to MAKE something out of him! Don't tell me any more! I'll find out who is at the bottom of this malicious business! I certainly shall!"

And Mrs. Van Isching Coyne flounced out of the room in a whirl of indignation and lingerie.



"Henry, do you remember that Sevres vase I broke over at the Pembertons?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, she says it was fully insured and you won't have to pay for it—so you may as well give the money to me."

They Also Serve

In the heart of the financial district is one of the most interesting institutions in the CITY of New York.

It is the Volunteer Hospital, at Beekman and Water Streets.

Its purpose is to minister to the neglected poor of the city.

Its achievement is that it ministers to the soul of the city.

To stay meant to sacrifice. The trend of population was northward. And, when the din and turmoil of the business day was done, there was nothing left in the vicinity of Beekman and Water streets except the slums. People did not live there from choice.

Great hospitals, imposing churches and other public institutions were being erected elsewhere. But this district, in but not of, the financial centre, had nothing.

Some one with a sense of brotherhood saw beyond the rude walls and into the humble homes down there. He visualized the struggle of humanity, the drama of life being enacted there day by day. He did not pass by on the other side.

The Volunteer Hospital is ministering to the needs. It is not aiming for splendor, not for riches. But it does need funds, to be able to stand and wait.

The bed capacity is taxed. More beds are needed.

More accommodations for children are demanded. A maternity ward is a necessity.

Then, too, a training school for nurses should be established that the work may multiply itself.



Lila
Robeson:
American
Contralto

"I am wholly American—American born and trained, and have never left my native heath," said Miss Robeson earnestly, her vibrant voice thrilling with patriotic pride. "I exemplify," she continued, in those ringing tones that come to one upon whom fortune has smiled, "the possibilities of Americans getting to the top by their own efforts—that's the gospel I want to preach."

Blessed with abounding good nature and one of the kindest personalities in the world—buoyant spirits and merry disposition—this wonderfully energetic and highly talented American singer hails from Cleveland, Ohio, and has made her mark in the highest operatic circles as a contralto. Her conspicuous talents brought her early attention and quick recognition.

"I sang in all good places, all good rôles—and the critics all were kind," Miss Robeson modestly phrased it, speaking of her triumphs in the metropolis, Boston and other great cities, where she met with an enviable reception. Some of her favorite rôles and notable successes are Azucera in "Il Trovatore," Amneris in "Aida," and Ortruda in "Lohengrin."

An event of significance and a great test of the carrying power of her voice was Miss Robeson's appearance as Fricka when she sang in the open-air performance at the Stadium of the College of the City of New York last fall. Needless to say the young American cantatrice scored a remarkable success.—[Adv.]



Lydia
Lindgren
The
Swedish
Songstress

Equipped with a superb mezzo-soprano voice of astonishing volume and unusually fine quality, Miss Lydia Lindgren, since her arrival in America, has compelled wide attention, even the most critical among critics giving her high rank as an artist. Possessing beauty and well-directed energy, this talented singer is an impressive personality, as charming socially as she is brilliantly effective on the musical stage.

Though only two seasons in this country, Miss Lindgren has won a commanding success. Her rare personal charm has captivated critics and audiences alike, the Chicago Tribune, for one, denoting her the ranking beauty of the Chicago Opera Company, one of her most important and striking roles, while with this company being Charmian in "Cleopatra." It is not remarkable that Miss Lindgren is compared with the great actress-singer Mary Garden, and classed, with her, as one of the most dramatic and magnetic stars on the operatic stage.

With hard study to her credit, Miss Lindgren's ambition is to sing Carmen, her favorite opera; but her real qualities have already been strikingly exemplified as Siebel, in "Faust," and Nicklaus, in "Tales of Hoffman." She has won high praise, too, with the Century Opera Company, as the warrior maid in "The Valkyries," the flower maid in "Parsifal" and the seamstress in "Louise."—[Adv.]



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Philip Spooner

A Distinguished American Tenor

It is not often that two talents of the first order are found in one individual. Yet in the case of Philip Spooner, whose debut as an opera tenor in New York is rumored, the art of painting very nearly captured the musician. Mr. Spooner, in fact, went so far as to become a portrait painter of no mean ability, spending one season in Holland studying the art with Meuden and another in New York as a member of the Students' Art League.

But the possession of a tenor voice of the true *bel canto* type is, as has been said, "the certain mark of a certain destiny." After men like Jean de Reszke, Alessandro Bonci, Walter Damrosch and David Bispham, heard him sing and declared that such a voice was truly his, Philip Spooner yielded to the call and became a concert artist, and last year established a record by singing at seventeen concerts and recitals in New York. He studied with Maestro Carboni, of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company, and has had some coaching with Mme. Sembrich.

What makes Mr. Spooner's career the more interesting is the fact that he has achieved it without the usual spur of poverty and necessity. He is the youngest son of United States Senator Spooner, and might if he chose have passed his time as a mere society man. He was born at Hudson, Wisconsin, but received his preliminary education at the Columbia Preparatory School, Washington, D. C., as his family spent their winters there. He then entered the university of Wisconsin, from which he was duly graduated. While at college he was a member of the Psi Upsilon fraternity, illustrator on the *Sphinx*, one of the college papers, and soloist in the Glee Club.

His debut as a professional singer was made in Boston in 1913, since which time his popularity has been steadily on the increase. His voice is pronounced by critics to be an unusual combination of sweetness, clarity and power. There is little doubt but what Mr. Spooner will soon attain world-wide recognition as another of America's fine contribution to the concert and perhaps operatic stage of our time.

Mr. Spooner is a great outdoor man, being adept at tennis and fond of automobiling. He is a hunter of big game, and has made two such trips to the Rocky Mountains.

—[Adv.]

Puck Interviews Shaw

(Continued from page 5)

you ever hear of a man who could spin out more talk than I could? I have never said anything much—but it is the way I do not say anything that startles the world. Let me go on talking and I am harmless—but amusing, you will admit.

"Garrulity, by the way, is the only thing that protects a King from a revolution. England knows that as long as I am allowed to talk, I am safe. Wise old Mama England."

His eyes pitched and rolled in the sea of his thoughts and his whiskers wagged and flopped like a loose sail. Yes, the secret was out. If Bernard Shaw had not been dowered with a paradoxical mind he would have been an Irish Comstock—or a Savonarola, with a bonfire of the vanities at each week-end.

"I must go on," continued Shaw after a meditation X minor, wherein I had time to muse on the thin partition of satire that divided me from a being afflicted with moral rabis. "If I stop to think I am lost. If I ever become serious they will deport me to New Caledonia."

Suddenly this Jupiter of Nonsense leaped to his feet and fell into Dithyrambs. Was he in a trance, a brain-trance? He ripped it off thus:—

"Folly is the supreme wisdom. Ridicule and disdain are the intellectual *summum bonum*. Life is without rhyme or reason or principle. My brain is the mirror of the Ultimate Principle. The world is mortgaged to dunderpates and dotards. Mankind is tossed up and down in the blanket of Chance by the mad, merry imps hidden in the earth and in the air, and in spite of its eternal somersaults and gyrations it invents a straight line which it calls "progress." Ha! Ha! Ha! Ring, Olympus, with thy laughter, for the Seriousness of man is the Charivari of the god!

"So swiftly, indeed, are we revolving on Folly's wheel that we have the illusion of direction."

"What about the war?" I asked.

"Young man, I am not certain that you are not in the pay of the censorship. Let the war slide. But—and please do not print this—I can tell you that I have criticized England and her Allies so caustically and taken up the cudgels for Germany from time to time not because I do not feel that the Allies are not in the right and Germany and her Allies are in the wrong, but because I like a scrimmage, I like a fight, and I'd rather be garrulous than either right or wrong; besides my opinions are paid for at a vast price no matter what I say. I just keep on saying, and collect."

"So many believe you pose, Mr. Shaw," I began.

"Of course I do," he replied. "Cows, mules and swine never pose. It can be said only of mediocrity that 'it is always itself.' The pose of genius is a mask it wears to protect its tender skin from the soil spots of flies. To me it is a masked battery, a mock personality. To the crowd, the antics of genius are amusing—and it is by amusing it that the superior mind keeps it at bay

(Continued to page 26)

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The Novel

A novel is 150,000 words, more or less, bound in blue, red or green cloth, and explaining in great detail how the man happened to meet the girl and why they couldn't say that they loved each other until the last chapter. There are exceptions to this general rule; but they are as rare as eleven cent gasoline.

Novels are divided into three great classes: 1, those in which somebody is mysteriously killed or nearly killed on page five, giving rise to a hectic series of adventures; 2, those in which the girl escapes the unwelcome attentions of an unscrupulous lover in every seventh chapter; and 3, those in which the wealthy young man poses as having only \$3.75 and thus earns the love of the poor girl with the faultless diction and the perfect 34 figure, or vice versa.

A novel can be written in almost any length of time, from sixteen days to sixteen years; but those which are written in sixteen years are not necessarily sixteen times as bad as those which are written in sixteen days. Sometimes they are only twice as bad.

Present-day novels, with the exception of the more massive works of Arnold Bennett and the word-riots of George Meredith, can be read in six hours and forgotten in six minutes. George Meredith's books can't be forgotten in that length of time, because most people who read him don't know what he is talking about and therefore have nothing to forget.

No penalty is inflicted on an author for writing a bad novel, as there is on the men who promote a bad mine or manufacture a bad automobile. This fact has caused some annoyance to persons who have spent \$1.35 for a bad novel, and later wished that they had two dozen eggs instead. Such persons, however, would doubtless be in favor of punishing a hen which laid an egg that ultimately proved to be bad.

Considering the number of bad eggs in the world, it is gratifying to contemplate the large number of good novels.



"Arthur, it is very inconsiderate of you to be talking about cylinders and engines and other plain things for our new auto, and not a word about the upholstery."

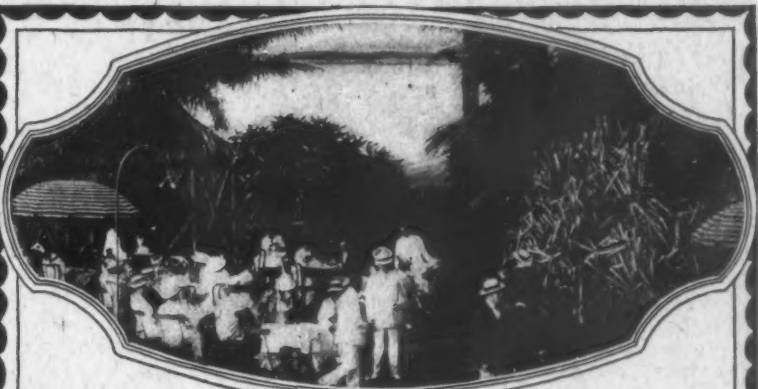


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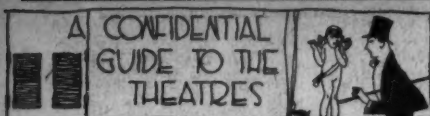
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In the greatest of all farces

Nothing BUT THE Truth



MANAGER: "No, we don't want a press-agent; what use we got for one when everything about the show is unfit for publication."

Plays and Players

(Continued from page 13)

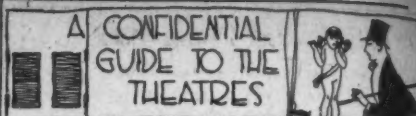
Later on, when I have become saturated with Lord Dunsany, I feel quite certain that I shall appreciate him, and enjoy his subtlety. Just at present, I admit that he fails to impress me. In "The Queen's Enemies" I found myself watching and rather revelling in the particularly handsome setting, and applauding the mechanical effect at the close in which the waters of the Nile rush in and drown the feasters at the Queen's table. The stage setting for "The Queen's Enemies" was designed by Howard Kretz, and Warren Dapler. Lord Dunsany merely supplied the excuse for these artists. I congratulate him.

Divorce Market Notes

Reconciliations opened at \$1,000,000 to-day and advanced briskly under pressure of divorce proceedings till the top price, \$1,266,775, was reached at noon. A Bear Raid, by the Pittsburg group of defendants, knocked the price down later to \$800,000, the figure at the closing hour.

The arrival at New York of a cargo of English show girls and French ballet dancers almost caused a panic in Co-respondent Securities this morning. The foreign stock was instantly thrown on the market and American properties, Chorus Girl Common, U. S. Vaudeville, and Serio-Comic Preferred, went tumbling. It was a busy day for the White Light crowd, many of whom had large blocks of all three, and in order to protect their enormous holdings, they were obliged to buy in all the C. G. Common, U. S. V. and S. C. Pref. that were offered. Even the Bond Market was affected, Female Baritone 4s, usually steady, breaking sharply.

The past week has witnessed a rapid rise in the rates for call alimony. Monday the rate was only 8 per cent., but Wednesday it had increased to 14, and yesterday brought an additional jump. The local market exhibited a marked tendency toward nervousness on account of the rise, and rumors of several new divorce suits had by no means a quieting influence. If the tightness continues, Secretary McAdoo will be asked to come to the market's rescue, but very few believe that he will do so. The Government Divorce Report is awaited with grave anxiety.



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SHUBERT WONDERS

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CASINO..... Her Soldier Boy

39th ST..... You're in Love

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BOOTH THEATRE, William Gillette

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138 Years From Now

The gasoline supply is vanishing with a noise as of many cutouts and an odor as of a pestilence that stalketh by the roadside. One of the Standard Oil Company's experts has figured that at last year's rate of consumption, gasoline will become as extinct as the brontosaurus or the passenger pigeon at the end of one hundred and thirty-eight years.

The Standard Oil Company, however, is not racking its brains over a design for a monument to be erected to gasoline after it has gone from us; and history teaches us that if any member of the human race should give way to uncontrollable grief because of gasoline's approaching demise, he would be wasting his time. The thing to do is to realize that folk one hundred and thirty-eight years from now will be looking back at us and saying: "Poor wretches! They had to struggle along with gasoline, whereas we enjoy the blessings of standosil." Then they will buy a gallon of standosil from the Standard Oil Company for ten cents more a gallon than it is worth, and go on their way rejoicing.

Let us, then, devote our sad thoughts to anything except the dark outlook for gasoline's future.

Both Objectionable

At the club Thompson and Taylor were discussing the peculiarities of certain of the card-players, when Thompson said:

"There are two men here — Parker and Perkins — I surely hate to play with."

"Oh," said Taylor, "I know Parker's always a hard loser, but what's wrong with Perkins?"

"He," said Thompson, "is always an easy winner."

No Source of Supply

"Little girl, why aren't you provided with an umbrella?"

"Because father hasn't been to church this year."

Fashion in World of Thought

(Continued from page 10)

is boss you won't even be able to strike. Socialism is labor's greatest menace.

BANKER: You're right, by spammo. You know I've been thinking that when labor and the unions have the capitalists where they want them and can dictate terms, the capitalists will force the government to take their plants off their hands, to escape bankruptcy.

UNION ORGANIZER: And when the government owns all the machinery and means of production the capitalists will turn politicians and own the government. And as it will be treason to strike in any industry, dividends will be greater than ever.

PROFESSOR: There's no denying it, Socialism is the most reactionary doctrine the nineteenth century has handed to the twentieth. It's high time we advanced thinkers got together to fight it.

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—in a suit of any dark fabric, with white or light colored trimmings, only when the light parts are kept *absolutely clean*.

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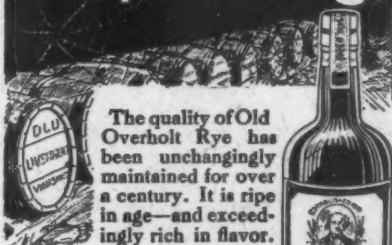
—used each day will keep the white parts fresh indefinitely and your suit or dress looking like new. Carbona cannot injure the most delicate fabric or color and—

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Puck Interviews Shaw

(Continued from page 22)

and does its work unmolested, as a photographer jingles a bell for a child to keep it amused and quiet while he manipulates the slides of his machine.

"I have got rich by posing, by playing with the crowd, by doing tricks for it. Consider the fate of a serious genius. If within sixty years he has made a dent in the omnipotent stupidity and omniscient mediocrity that surround him, the public subscribes for a mattress on which he may die, and after his demise it subscribes for a wagonload of roses to cover up the filth of the mattress.

"That sort of thing didn't appeal to me, so I do my little bit by the public—and have a bank account.

"But I have handed you enough copy for one day, and besides I have a lecture in the East End to deliver on 'The Corpse of Europe and How Shall We Disinfect Ourselves.'"

As I left he cut off a bit of his whiskers with a pocket scissors and handed it to me, saying:—

"It'll be worth fifty pounds in twenty years."

Germany's submarine policy concedes without argument the freedom of the bottom of the sea.

Still We Doubt if the Editor Has Been Forgiven

Mrs. Lawrence Webb directs us to correct our item of last week stating that she visited Fremont Gossett in Monmouth and say that she visited Mr. and Mrs. Fremont Gossett. As we always try to be accurate, we willingly make the correction desired.

— Buda (Ill.) Plain Dealer.

Yes, but Whaddy Ya Mean?

All electric lights will be put underground to eliminate their unsightly appearance.

— Gallipolis Journal.



MOTHER: "Now, then, John Albert, if ye don't stop that cryin' I'll take yer choc'late cake away from ye an' give it to the nice man."

"Enter Darcy"

If you had lost your interest in life and your good looks and your ambition—and your two best friends were going to be married and you weren't—Then, probably, you would feel about as Darcy Cole did until that charming, vivacious young actress, Gloria Green, took her in charge and showed her the way to health, joy and romance. How she did and what happened Samuel Hopkins Adams tells in a delightfully humorous story called "Enter Darcy." It is in four parts, the first one of which you will find in the February 17th issue of

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
416 West 13th Street, New York

Why I Favor Prohibition

The basis of the agitation for prohibitory laws is the assumed right of the "good" people of the country to compel the "bad" people to do what they think is best for them. Being one of the "good" people who do not like alcoholic beverages, I demand that their use by "bad" people be absolutely prohibited.

Small-minded persons have derided our claim that we are the "good," and have pointed out that history is full of cases where men assuming to be better than their fellows have tortured and killed those who did not agree with them, in order to force them also to be good. There is a vast difference between the bigots who tried to make men religious by law, and ourselves. They only thought that they were good. We know that we are good.

The report of the "Committee of Fifty to Investigate the Liquor Problem" states that 80 per cent of the adult male population of the country use alcoholic beverages. This shows that 80 per cent of the adult males are unfit to govern themselves.

I believe in majority rule when the majority favors prohibition. I favor minority rule in matters relating to the personal tastes of those whose ideas differ from mine, and want laws enacted that will put them in jail if they persist in their wicked ways.

I believe that the people in general are incapable of deciding wisely as to their personal habits, and that the small and select minority, of whom I am one, can regulate the private affairs of the majority a great deal better than they can themselves.

People who do not agree with me are either foolish or wicked. The foolish should be restrained by law from following their inclinations. The wicked should be punished for refusing to live as I do.

I hold that it is the duty of every American citizen to impose his ideas of virtue and morality upon his neighbors by law. If the latter protest, they must be made to understand that they have no rights that we, the elect, are bound to respect.

It has been proved by the opponents of prohibition that the prohibitory laws of the various dry states have always failed to decrease the use of liquors. This shows the inherent cussedness of human nature, in that men prefer to choose their own course of action, rather than obey the rules of conduct that we have wisely laid down for them.

The only way to make men truly moral and virtuous is to deprive them of temptation by unenforceable legislation. My idea of virtue is a man in a three-acre lot, surrounded by a six-foot-high barb wire fence.

The crying evil of the age is the selfish tendency of the great mass of the people to attend to their own business, instead of meddling with other people's affairs. I believe that: "Blessed are the busybodies, for they shall annoy the whole earth."

The protection of fools against the consequences of their own folly is the highest function of government, and ensures the production of bumper crops of fools.

Prohibition puts the ban of outlawry on the liquor traffic; drives all self-respecting and decent men out of the business; and makes it necessary for those who wish to drink to get their liquor from irresponsible dealers. This is deplorable; but I cannot allow facts to interfere with my determination to compel men to do as I do, instead of as they wish.

I believe that although prohibition promotes hypocrisy and disrespect for law, it is far better to have laws that are not enforced and cannot be enforced, than to leave the people to their own devices.

The excessive use of alcoholic beverages is injurious to health. Excessive eating causes indigestion, auto-intoxication and a host of other evils. Therefore: the manufacture and sale of food should be prohibited.

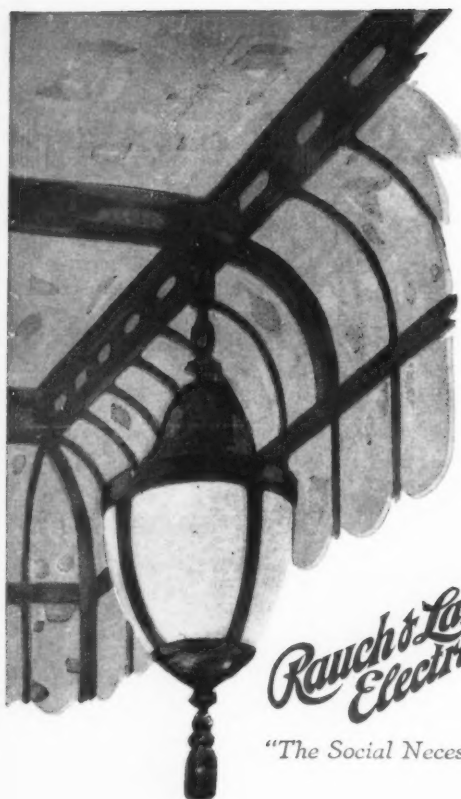
Mankind in general are so foolish that they cannot learn by experience what is good for them. It is therefore necessary that we, the wise minority, should assume the burden of regulating their personal habits.

Many cases have been known of poor people drinking. Their drinking habits must have caused their poverty. It is true that many rich people also drink, but drinking has nothing to do with their prosperity.

Opponents of prohibition claim that the simplest and easiest way to prevent the excessive use of liquors would be for the people who cannot drink in moderation to stop drinking. This might be an effective remedy, but what would become of us subsidized busybodies and professional agitators?

I favor prohibition because I believe in personal liberty, and the right of every man to do as he pleases, so long as he does as I wish him to do.

Lastly: I am for prohibition because I find no enjoyment in drinking, and I can see no reason why pleasures that are denied to me should be allowed to other people.



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